

(381)  
Std 7

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad, India  
Dec. 30, 1909

Dear Felix,

While Ernest is boxing  
Urdu, I'll try and get my  
home letter ready for tomorrow's  
mail. This is vacation in the  
college, so E. is getting in  
some good stiff work on the  
language. He thinks he  
might accomplish something  
before long, if he could spend  
all his time this way.

I must tell you about  
our Christmas. It was a  
bright, sunny day, as they  
all are at this season

and there was little to distinguish it from other days - except that, in the morning we were besieged by servants, expecting "bakheesh". Almost every servant on the compound, appeared whether he had done us any service or not. To most of them we gave a few annas. To our own house servants we presented new coats. A native tailor made them for us for one rupee a piece. They are long, rather tight-fitting to the waist, then falling with a flare to the knees. After putting them on, our men, with beaming faces, presented themselves for our inspection and approval. They really looked quite stylish. To our "darsi" (serving-man), "mali" (gardener) and "dobi" (laundry man) we gave food, biscuits and oranges, or tea. The mali returned his gift, of biscuits and oranges, saying he was a Hindoo and couldn't eat it, but we refused to take it back, so he walked off with it, & I presume his scruples were not so great as to prevent him from disposing of the food. It's queer - they are very inconsistent in what they will take or refuse.

Tea, they accept without  
any question.

I was making candy, the  
other day and offered  
Bechar, our cook some.  
When he refused I  
asked "why? Don't you  
like it?" "Oh yes" was  
the response, "I like it,  
but I's a Hindoo" - and  
so he couldn't take it  
from my hand or from  
my plate. I brought  
home from the S.S.  
celebration, the other  
night, some Indian  
sweets, which I could-  
n't eat myself, thinking  
the servants might

enjoy them. To my  
surprise, I discovered  
next day, that Bécaire  
at least, hadn't touched  
them himself, but given  
them to some small  
children. I'm not at all  
sure that all the  
servants are so particular.  
But the cook hasn't any  
scruples whatever about  
cooking anything we want  
to eat, even beef and pork,  
or using lard.

I wish you could have  
seen the fruit-cake  
which he presented to  
us, Christmas morning  
at breakfast. It was a

veritable work of art. I can't begin to describe it; but it was simply covered with frosting molded into all kinds of fancy work - twining grape-vines, shaded leaves, cherubs with outspread wings, delicate tendrils & festoons etc. etc. It really was a beauty and tasted pretty good too - altho it was a little dry.

Christmas night, about fifteen of us sat down to dinner together at Mrs. Ewing's and a very delicious repast we had: cream of tomato soup, fish, tomato salad, roast turkey, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, succotash, peas, potato sauce, Waldorf salad, (like our cranberry sauce - a little better, if anything), mince-pie tarts, Trilby cream, salted nuts and home-made candy. This sounds almost as nice as what we would have in America, doesn't it? Well, it was very nice. The only difference was in the cooking and even that, tasted, on this occasion, very much as we have it at home. There were favors for each of us at the table - little trinkets of various kinds. Mine was a small Japanese doll.

Before we went into the dining-room we were ushered into the study, and there was a prettily decorated Christmas-tree, with little gifts for each of us, which a real Santa Claus who soon made his appearance, handed out. This was mostly for the benefit of little Ruth Gillam - Mrs. Ewing's niece who happened to be visiting here. But the rest of us enjoyed it too.

From the tree, Ernest got a toy tiger, and I a horse and gari (carriage), which by the way, we are expecting to buy before long as it is impossible to get anywhere without a conveyance. Dr. + Mrs. Ewing also gave me a very pretty little copy

of Browning's poems.

On Friday, Christmas eve,  
 we were invited to dine and  
 spend the evening with Dr.  
 & Mrs. Bueas. Edmund and a  
 friend had come that morning  
 from Lahore. We had a great  
 experience getting to the  
 home of our hosts. It, of  
 course, was necessary to order  
 a gari from town, as the  
 Bueas's live far out in  
 Katra, clear across the city.  
 Ernest had been down town  
 in the afternoon and on his  
 return, told his gari driver  
 to come back for another  
 trip at a quarter to seven.  
 Dinner was to be served  
 at 7:30.

Knowing, however, that gari-  
 drivers out here aren't always

to be depended upon we  
sent a servant out  
about 6:00 o'clock to  
order another pair.  
He returns about 6:45-  
with the word that he  
can't get one. Since he  
is a servant who seldom  
gets anything we send him  
after, we decide to try  
our old reliable Tulci and  
accordingly send him off  
post-haste to see what he can  
do. But after many  
minutes have flown by, he  
too returns with the  
same discouraging word  
as Narain. The only thing  
left for us is to resort  
to an ekka and in five



on the <sup>(20)3</sup> minutes one of these  
is secured. An ekka is  
a two-wheeled cart, the  
vehicle in which the  
Indians usually ride. It  
consists of a flat board about  
three ft. square on the  
wheels, with four upright  
pieces, one on each corner,  
supporting a small canopy.  
The driver sits on the front  
edge of this board, almost  
on top of the horse. The  
passengers (there is not room  
for more than two  
comfortably) squat on the  
board back of the driver,  
their feet tucked under  
them, or dangling over  
the side. Well, it was a  
great experience. We got

down to the centre of the  
city all right and then  
discovered that our driver  
had no idea where Dr. Bueas  
lived nor did he seem to  
know any other land marks  
in that part of the town.  
He understood no English  
and we could speak very little  
Hindustani consequently  
it was necessary to stop  
every few minutes & make  
inquiries. Well to make  
a long story short, after  
driving around Katin  
several times (at least, so  
it seemed) we finally  
chanced upon the  
Mary Wanshaker School;  
then I got my bearings  
and shortly we were at  
our destination, having  
arrived at 8:40.

They had waited dinner

down to the centre of the  
city all right and then  
discovered that our driver  
had no idea where Dr. Lucas  
lived nor did he seem to  
know any other landmarks  
in that part of the town.  
He understood no English  
and we could speak very little  
Hindustani. Consequently  
it was necessary to stop  
every few minutes & make  
inquiries. Well to make  
a long story short, after  
driving around for  
several times (at least, so  
it seemed) we finally  
chanced upon the  
Mary Wamaker School.  
Then I got my bearings  
and shortly we were at  
our destination, having  
arrived at 8:40.

They had waited dinner

for us one full hour,  
 & even then had not  
 given up hope of us entirely  
 but had sat down to eat.  
 It was very mortifying  
 but Dr. & Mrs Lucas were  
 very kind and considerate  
 and made us feel that  
 we had not put them  
 out at all.

Last week's mail  
 at last brought messages  
 from home - father's  
 & Bob's letter and the  
 Round Robin. They  
 were very joyfully received  
 Keep the good work up.  
 Lovingly -  
 Margaret

(21)

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad India.

Nov. 12, 1909.

Dear Folks at Home

Almost two

weeks, we have been in India, and since I have not written before, there are a good many threads to gather up and weave into the record of events of the past days.

The last stage of the ocean voyage, <sup>from Aden to Bombay</sup> was not particularly enjoyable to me as I was compelled to keep to my cabin most of the time. The ship god did not seem to agree with me; so for four days I tried to live without

esting. As a result when we landed in Bombay,  
Friday morning, the 29th of Oct. I was so weak  
I could scarcely walk. After getting our  
baggage thru the Customs, which we succeeded  
in doing without any duty) we went at once  
to the Great Western Hotel where I took to  
my bed again immediately. The train for  
Allahabad was to leave at 9:20 P.M. That  
night, and we knew it was a long, hard  
trip. Until noon it seemed as if I could  
not make it. But by three o'clock I felt  
considerably better so I must purchase  
the tickets. It happened that the single  
and we were so fortunate as to get a  
whole compartment to ourselves, so we were  
very comfortable. We rode all night, all  
the next day and until nearly midnight  
Saturday. The nights were quite cool,  
but the day very hot. Of course the motion  
of the train produced some breeze  
and that helped considerably to make  
things supportable. At nearly every  
station the boys would have to get out and  
get me some ice to suck.

It was quite a surprise  
to notice the abundant  
vegetation along the way,  
quite luxuriant in some  
places; in others the  
mass looked quite brown  
and scorched for there  
has been no rain since  
July and will probably  
not or very more till the  
same time next year.

X We have been with Dr.  
and Mrs. Ewing since our  
arrival, and they have  
been very kind indeed.  
An uncle has just come  
from Bombay by night,  
so we are looking to get  
settled in our own

furniture in a few days.  
 Ernestine goes to Fairbank  
 to try to work it some 2nd  
 hand furniture. Bamboo  
 furniture is cheap and  
 we will probably use  
 much of that until  
 usually we can get other  
 more substantial things  
 to take its place.  
 But I think I shall  
 tell you about the house  
 next week, when we are  
 settled.

The Mission Compound  
 which, they say is one of  
 the neatest ones in  
 India, is like a college  
 campus - a pretty open



space in front covered with trees (principally  
the Banyan + Keeshim - Millimwood) and  
around it the college buildings and  
bungalows of the missionaries. The compound  
is called the *sumna* because it is  
situated on the bank of that river  
a beautiful clear stream. From the  
rear veranda of our bungalow we  
have a splendid view up and down the  
river. About a mile below us, it  
unites with the Tanges.

The work of the mission here in  
Allahabad is largely educational. We  
have the college, the boys' high school  
& the boys' Boarding school, here in our  
own compound. Then over in *Chitra*,  
another part of the city, is the *Mary*  
*Wanamaker* School for girls, where  
Miss Forman, Miss Tracy (Boston '98)  
and Miss Sawton teach. Dr. Lucas and  
his wife who have charge of the evangelistic  
work of the mission also live on there.

Mr. Bueas is a fine old  
gentleman a man  
highly beloved of the  
community. He and Mrs.  
Bueas have taken me in  
with open arms, because  
we are Protestants; ~~and~~  
all his children were  
educated here. Edmund,  
who is now in Solon  
was in my class.

It is nearly time for  
the mail to go out and  
I want to write a few  
cards so I'll leave this  
for a few minutes.  
I hope I'll have time  
to add a few more lines

later. <sup>(2)</sup> The home-mail  
leaves Bombay every Saturday  
so we have to get it off  
here by Friday morning.  
The incoming mail  
reaches Bombay on  
Friday and we get it  
Saturday noon. We thought  
last week's boat would  
bring home letters but  
there were none -  
~~none~~ except your card  
forwarded from Nurseilla's  
father.

Covington

Margaret.

The provisions are kept  
 and the dishes washed.  
 Nothings done in the  
 kitchen but the cooking,  
 and the natives do that  
 over an open <sup>charcoal</sup> fire in a  
 brick fire-place. Its quite  
 remarkable what good things  
 they can prepare without  
 using ovens. Our cook  
 is a very good one, and  
 this week I have let him  
 manage the meals almost  
 entirely himself, as I have  
 had so many other things  
 to look after. He has  
 some very appetizing things  
 to eat - especially desserts.  
 He makes delicious  
 puddings of various kinds.  
 Every morning I send  
 him to the bazaar or  
 market for provisions for  
 the day. One has to watch  
 carefully that the servants

do not worry you  
in their business. They  
have no scruples about  
making a little money  
off of it if they can.  
And it's rather easy to take  
advantage of a new-comer  
who doesn't always know  
the price of things.  
Otherwise, it doesn't hurt  
their consciences to help  
themselves to your provisions  
if they get the chance. In  
everything of that kind  
I am in my best under-  
lock & key. And you put  
in small quantities  
at meal times.  
Meal hours here are  
rather unusual and  
I haven't quite gotten  
used to them yet.  
Choti Hari is served  
at six in the morning

in our bedroom. It  
consists of tea & toast  
and sometimes fruit.  
Breakfast comes at  
9:5 and is a very sub-  
stantial meal - cereal  
fruit, meat potatoes -  
and most families have  
also rice & curry & tomatoes,  
but I haven't learned  
to care for that combination  
yet. Rice is used as  
meat leaf as a vegetable  
and in puddings.  
Chicken is the most  
commonly used meat.  
You can get them for .10 or  
.20 a piece. Eggs are also  
very reasonable. They are saying  
2+ 2 a day now. Mrs. Brown  
says one cup of tea after get them  
for .00

At two o'clock we have  
much - soup, cold  
meat sliced tomatoes,  
& fruit on a side-dish.

At 4:30 - tea, sandwiches  
& cake. This is usually  
served on the veranda.  
The evening meal of  
the day in our house  
at 7:30 or 8:00.

is served in our  
own store - which I  
shall try to do a little  
cooking myself. American  
food tastes different from  
English or Indian. Cooked  
meats are used almost  
exclusively, but here, I think  
and more, to be used in  
our own stores. The  
the more the better.

Besides the cook, we have two other servants - a bearer or general house-servant who waits on table, helps wash dishes, makes beds, looks after camp, dusts etc; then a sweeper who does the sweeping + scrubbing, washing windows + looking after bath room.

We will have to have a garden soon too.

Our rooms look very bare. They are so

large it takes a  
great deal to fill  
them. The pictures  
all came thru in  
good shape and help  
much in making the  
walls attractive.

Of the barrel of  
dinner, only a couple  
of saucers, in the  
bottom, were broken.  
The box of wedding  
things hasn't arrived  
yet.

The postman is  
here for the mail,  
so I will have  
to bring this to a

close abruptly again.  
Love to all  
Margaret.



Sumner Mission  
Albuquerque, N.M.  
Nov. 25, 1909.

Dear Bob -  
This Thanks-

giving Day, we have  
been thinking lots  
of the home land, and  
what we would be  
doing if we were  
back. I wonder  
if you have had a  
football game by Kansas  
possibly not; but as I  
remember it, mostly  
went to the football  
on Thanksgiving day.

Ever since last summer I certainly  
have had a battle royal, as usual,  
in college for all our day soccer  
football and cricket. Biggest they  
play with them. Tennis too, is a  
great Indian work.

My athletic news of Urology,  
which not very encouraging was  
interesting. I must not forget to  
say much your contribution - all  
ours Robin. We will count on  
you to keep us posted on college  
news; and all things are going  
so well with me this year.

This note I think will reach  
you about now time. I must say I  
can't do much this year in the  
way of memoranda. The little  
note for sending, I picked up at a  
M. S. Sale. It's not worth much.

is; not a continent  
I think, not a continent.

rough,  
rough.

(251)

pt 25-

Gumma Mission  
Alachua, Fla  
Nov. 25, 1909.

Dearaddy -

You may know  
 with what we welcomed  
 the nice letter which  
 came last Saturday.  
 we had been here  
 weeks and this was  
 the first word from home.  
 You must remember  
 it takes four weeks  
 to mail, it only  
 you must have been  
 calculating on our  
 delay was much later  
 in the month for  
 you - letter was dated  
 Nov. 26th. -

end of that very nice run and here  
in the island. You had is sent  
equivalent each week, we will  
it equivalent each week, in the  
most hats each Bombay every day  
and it is not every day.  
I hope you were able to say at  
your house and I will be glad  
would have a delightful time  
there among your old friends.  
If you did, and were invited out  
to dinner as they do, and I  
will, I shall enjoy you all the  
more. I hope you had to eat. I  
am already going on good  
American food to looking. I  
am not at all well yet, and  
I feel that the trouble seems to be  
in my stomach. Still we work as we  
can, and we have things  
very nicely. But things don't taste  
just like home food. And there  
isn't much of a variety. Besides, I  
don't like the souly vegetables. I'm a noble

are caulilow <sup>to note</sup>  
of seat, vegetable marrow  
+ turnips now on  
which I am now R.  
I wish we had only  
used old potatoes  
or sub seeds + dried peas.  
as soon as we get  
our stove set up +  
start a little cook-  
ing myself, particularly  
in the evening and  
we cook in a  
crocker-ick in descent.  
His puddings are  
very good but with  
concentrations covered  
with attic-work  
+ rose buds + roses  
of pink + white roses.

My ... is ...  
... ..

I am ...  
my ... with ...  
our cook, Bechai, talks  
some English, and ...  
the ... serious ...  
understands a little.  
and ... means ...  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
we pay the cook ...  
... a month. ...  
... is 32) ...  
... ..  
The ... ..  
... man who ...  
... ..  
The sewing is done by ...  
called daisis. We have an

old man who comes to the house and  
sits on the door all day long and sews.  
He is making curtains for me. We pay  
him at the rate of 10 U. a month.

We are having very hot weather. I want  
it dry very particularly cool mornings &  
evenings. We sleep with a fan on the  
bed. The mosquitoes are bad - that is there  
are plenty of them, although they do not seem to  
be particularly poisonous. We have a  
mosquito net curtain suspended  
above the ceiling which we let down over  
the beds every night. Birds frequently fly  
in at the open windows and sometimes a  
squirrel will come in and look around.  
But the worst pests are ants and mice.  
Little red ants, from the cupboards, and  
white ants crawling over the floors and  
mattings. The ants have to be killed by  
the means of bricks, else the ants might  
run all over the house, and they will  
be - even in the table all over the  
boards in various places. They only  
are a nuisance, but they will  
be a nuisance, and that I will  
use in the room. But I will not.



By me almost a  
lifetime - to me a  
rush.

I remember the train  
and the people in the  
to the station. I  
I remember the  
about it - the most  
the memory of the  
in India; I feel that  
it was the opportunity  
I missed. But I  
only was not well  
enough to  
his letter will be  
in the midst of  
the tide of activities.  
With a Merry Christmas  
to all  
yours  
Margaret.

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Gumna Mission  
Allahabad India.

Dec. 9 1909.

Dear Folke at Home

Our winter

season is on now and  
the weather is delightful  
We have not had a fire  
yet but are thinking of  
starting one in our office  
in a few days, for it is  
too cold for comfort  
especially in the mornings  
and evenings. The sun  
warms things up somewhat  
by the middle of the day.  
We are wearing heavy  
underwear, the same as  
we would in America; but

most of the women are still wearing light-  
weight outer garments & jammies & must  
feel pretty good to me tho. We have had  
several frosty nights but it has seemed  
pretty cold enough so far. Next month will  
be colder. Did you know we are closing  
up streets & are moving on 30 - 40 - 50 - 60 - 70 - 80 - 90 - 100 - 110 - 120 - 130 - 140 - 150 - 160 - 170 - 180 - 190 - 200 - 210 - 220 - 230 - 240 - 250 - 260 - 270 - 280 - 290 - 300 - 310 - 320 - 330 - 340 - 350 - 360 - 370 - 380 - 390 - 400 - 410 - 420 - 430 - 440 - 450 - 460 - 470 - 480 - 490 - 500 - 510 - 520 - 530 - 540 - 550 - 560 - 570 - 580 - 590 - 600 - 610 - 620 - 630 - 640 - 650 - 660 - 670 - 680 - 690 - 700 - 710 - 720 - 730 - 740 - 750 - 760 - 770 - 780 - 790 - 800 - 810 - 820 - 830 - 840 - 850 - 860 - 870 - 880 - 890 - 900 - 910 - 920 - 930 - 940 - 950 - 960 - 970 - 980 - 990 - 1000

which will begin about the first of March.  
While I write, Ernest is having us over  
with the munshi (tutor). He seems to be  
making some progress in the amount  
but feels that it doesn't come nearly the  
amount of time so it that he ought to  
in college work is done. He was placed  
on the Board with the understanding  
that he should have only two hours work  
a day - all the rest of his time to be  
spent in Hindoostani. But in a sense  
like this, where everyone is working to the  
limit, its my way to have more and extra  
work but I don't do. In every sense I  
a "human dynamo"; works from early  
morning till late at night with tireless  
energy and enthusiasm. I haven't been  
doing anything yet out of the ordinary  
settled, and not very much at that. In  
we haven't a great deal of furniture yet.

are trying to get along  
on the present with just  
the things that are  
absolutely necessary, and  
one can get along with  
little, altho the large  
rooms of the house look  
rather bare.

I am anxious to get to  
work on the Carriage my-  
self, but haven't been able  
to get far on the days  
when I have felt respectly  
well and equal to it. There  
have been other things to  
occupy my attention.

No doubt I shall have a  
hard time catching up  
with my husband with his  
two months' start of me.  
His knowledge of Swedish helps  
him a little, for many of the  
Vide words are of Swedish origin.

Plat 6 (92) I do not feel that I  
have seen much of Windsor  
its customs and know  
much about the people or  
the country yet.

What I have seen has  
just been that which one  
can see in driving thru  
their streets and visiting  
their shops, and I ~~shall~~  
had to depend on Mrs  
Penny for that, for I  
cannot for have no carriage  
and one cannot go any-  
where but outside the  
compound, without a  
carriage.

The town spreads over a  
great deal of territory, and  
in the English quarter is  
very pretty. The streets are  
wide and clean, and the  
public buildings, even  
the stores, are surrounded

Things look very different in the native districts - low, dirty, thatched-roofed bungalows crowded together, opening directly upon the main streets. Children with little or no clothing, seem to live in the streets. As in fact, do many of the rest of the family, for there are always plenty of people in sight.

The Bazaar (the native business quarter) presents a very dirty, interesting scene. and there are always new things to see every time one passes through it. There is one principal broad street with shops of various kinds on each side. The roof of the shop projects far over the front wall forming a sort of sheltered porch and here the proprietor with his money-bags beside him sits on the floor and receives his customers for whom low stools are provided. When the article desired is asked for, a clerk is sent back into some narrow passage way, where innumerable things are stored; and in a couple of seconds or minutes he returns with the object. It would seem like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but they seem to have no trouble finding what they want. I have been trading for the most part with a Mohanmelan merchant, Kadir Bukhsh, who Mrs. Erving says is an honest man + who carries out a remarkable stock of goods of all descriptions. Mrs. E. calls him the golden Wamanakher of Allahabad. Cassing from the main street into a narrow alley, one reaches the markets, which

by spacious grounds  
filled with tropical  
plants + shrubbery and  
are particularly beautiful  
at this season of the  
year, because of the  
profusion of *Chrysanthemums*  
blooming everywhere. There  
was a *Chrysanthemum* I saw  
here a short time ago  
which I suspect might  
have vied with the  
annual exhibition at the  
Palace in Chicago.

We have some flowers in  
our own garden, roses  
and morning-glories  
and others I don't know  
the names of; and would  
likely have many more  
if we had a gardener to  
look after them and keep  
them weeded and  
watered.

<sup>1706</sup>  
Linn <sup>(9)</sup> <sup>3</sup> asked me:  
of arcades leading thru  
from one street to another  
lined up on both sides  
of a passageway, are men  
women & children with  
their products piled around  
them. One arcade  
contains vegetables, another  
fruits and nuts.  
Nearly all vegetables, including  
potatoes are sold by the  
beer (2 lbs.) when one  
goes to the markets or  
stores to shop, he is always  
besieged by men and boys  
with large baskets wanting  
to carry his purchases.  
And such a scold is  
almost a necessity especially  
when one is moving  
from place to place buying  
little here and a little  
there. We pay them from  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  a cent to a cent <sup>for two</sup> depending upon  
the time we use them.



Beggers are common on the streets  
and it is no small matter to get rid of them  
especially when you can speak the small  
+ sensitive word in Hindoostani.

We had a visitor last week. Gov. Titch "uncle"  
took dinner with us one night. He is on his way to  
China to enter Y. M. C. A. work.

Prof. King of Berlin College has been here for a few  
days this week. He has given four or five addresses  
to the students. I heard only the last one this morning.  
He is a very scholarly man. It was a treat to hear  
him so it has seemed long since we have heard  
anything in English. He was one of the speakers  
at the Agra Convention. He is spending the whole  
college year travelling + lecturing in the Orient.

I am hoping soon to notice some  
regularity in the receipt of home mail.  
I suppose my letters have been reaching  
you regularly every week as I have tried to  
send one regularly every week. I can't  
say the same thing of yours. There  
has been very little news from  
home these six weeks. Don't wait  
till you receive my mail before  
writing.

With much love for you all  
Margaret

(16)  
9226

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad, India

Dec. 16, 1900

Dear Father and Mary and Boys.

There's a  
blue, dull haze over the  
river this morning,  
looking as if it portended  
rain. We did have  
rain two days ago -  
mirabile dictu - and  
that's a thing worth  
of remark in India  
at this season of the  
year. People don't look  
on it after July.

The weather is delightful now - bright,  
clear sunny days, with <sup>just</sup> enough  
coolness to be perfect.

The Indians & us their bare feet all  
winter long, but wrap up their heads.

A couple of days ago in church, I  
thought two boys must be suffering  
from tooth-ache, but discovered upon  
inquiry that they were just feeling a  
bit chilly.

We have at last secured another  
servant, a male, swedish, and he is  
working a transformation on the  
kitchen. We have a large flower  
garden adjoining the house, but  
it had been allowed to go to rack  
and ruin until it was looking  
quite disagreeable. In it, there are a  
couple of dozen rose bushes, besides other  
plants! The male is swedish.

and taking good care  
of the flowers. A few  
roses are in bloom now,  
and we will have  
lots of them in a short  
time. we have a good-  
sized vegetable garden too  
but nothing is planted  
in it yet. There are  
some banana trees on  
the place, also papaya  
trees which are 'filled'  
with a rich delicious  
cooking fruit. But  
neither Ernest nor I  
have learned to cook  
or eat it.

Housekeeping in India

found a home, new  
washed and I  
cleaned with a brush  
first burning in it. There  
she lodged, so the  
windows believe that  
it on this same night,  
they clean up their houses  
and light them up  
with the address  
may come in to them  
and bless them with  
prosperity throughout the  
year. Do you as this  
celebration leads to a  
time of general house-  
cleaning, it is a splendid  
thing. But the sad part  
of it, that you know

days, gambling is allowed openly  
and is practised without restraint  
everywhere. The city itself, on the  
night of the celebration, is a blaze  
of light. Along the roofs and balconies  
and windows and verandas of the  
houses, about every two feet apart, little  
earthenware vessels are placed. In these,  
is a little oil & a string, which is  
lighted. The effect is that of myriad  
tiny electric lights.

The *Summa Puria* (worship of the sun) is  
another festival which we had a  
splendid view of, from our rear veranda  
a few weeks ago. These little lighted  
earthenware vessels are set <sup>at intervals</sup>  
on the river. From boats going  
up stream. It is a wonderfully  
pretty sight as the hundreds and  
thousands of little twinkling things  
float down stream.

Ernest preached  
at the Baptist church  
here last Sunday night  
to a congregation largely  
Evangelical.

He is very very busy  
with some extra work  
just now leaving  
rehearsals for a  
college play Shakespeare's  
"Twelfth Night" which  
the students present  
next Monday night.

It will be a big sell  
when it is over.

Miss Birch and Miss

F. Wisnart of the  
Woman's Union Zenana  
Mission, called on me  
a few evenings ago.

Miss Wisnart said she  
had heard of me thru

Dr. & Mrs. Water of  
Mifflin, and other

Penna. friends.

I think I recall that  
they spoke of her when  
I was there.

Love to all.

Mary

(16)



Dear Daddy Elder,

Your daughter is a trifle indisposed this evening - having had some trouble with her liver - and so I write you this week in her place.

The days have quickly gone until we have been in India few weeks to-morrow. We have seen so little as yet of this land, that we have hardly been able to make an estimate of the average man of India. But there are a thousand and one things which challenge our interest on every side many of which we feel we would like to

Last Sunday morning I went out with  
a Christian student into the city  
to do street preaching. He did the  
preaching: I watched him. Two  
"Hindu" wise men" butted in and  
tried to ridicule the student he  
for the crowd, but he held his  
own well against them. So they  
with a shrug of their shoulders  
of disbelief and scorn went on  
down the street. Here's hoping  
they will have another chance <sup>someday</sup>

investigate further 9  
find many things in com-  
mon between India &  
Syria - but India is  
more interesting be-  
cause it is more down  
right oriental. The  
need is great, of them  
knowing the Christ, for  
they are bound down  
to the earth with  
their many religious  
customs. They need  
the freedom of the Gospel  
not only to save them  
but to make them  
men as God intended  
them to be. The  
average Indian has  
been cheated out  
of his birth-right.

We are both anxious to learn the  
language. I have had better health  
than Margaret, so I am further  
along, but when she gets under  
way there will be nothing to it. I  
won't be able to keep in sight of  
her. She is a real good girl  
and I like her very much. It was  
very good of you to let me have her.  
She sends her love to you and says  
that when you are in doubt - write.  
Your Affectionate Son - Ernest.

(23)<sup>1</sup>  
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Jumna Mission  
Allahabad India.  
Dec. 23, 1904.

Dear Folks at Home.

In two days,  
we will be celebrating  
Christmas, but its hard  
to realize — out here  
that the Holiday season  
is at hand. There is  
no Christmas atmosphere  
(literally or figuratively)  
and nothing to indicate  
any coming festivities  
nor indeed will there be  
many. To be sure the  
celebration last night in  
the Sunday School was  
very merry and reminded  
us a little of home, but  
still it was different.

They had a beautiful large pine tree  
lively with the usual decorations and  
lays of candy. But the principal thing  
was the distribution of gifts. Each  
member of the school was given some  
little present. The names were called  
out individually - and each one had to  
march up front amid vociferous applause  
and receive his gift. Some Indian "sweets"  
were distributed to all in little dishes  
made of berry leaves. Indian candy is awful  
stuff - to my taste at least. It is very  
rich and greasy. When I saw all  
that unpalatable stuff being given out,  
I shined for one, good Allegritti. But  
Ernest and I received gratefully the  
"sweets" given us and took them home  
to the servants. In the distribution  
of gifts we all were remembered. Ernest  
got a small whistle and I a lead pencil  
in a little aluminum or tin case.

There are a lot of poor, old, decrepit  
people from the Blind Asylum who attend  
the Sunday School. It is a pitiful sight  
to see them hobble along, and they  
walk a long distance for their "school."  
It was pathetic too to see them  
in receiving the things given them,  
wrapping the few pieces of candy  
carefully in an end of their head-  
gear or loose garments.

Colley closed today for  
the Holiday vacation.  
Monday night, the dramatic  
club, presented  
Shakespeare's Twelfth  
night. It was given  
out doors, on the  
compound, just in  
front of the Colley build-  
ings. Ernest has had  
charge of the training  
of the actors and was not  
at all enthusiastic  
about the showing  
they would make.  
But they really did very  
well. Some of the  
boys showed considerable  
ability. Some, of course  
acted like sticks, but

<sup>227</sup>  
<sup>227</sup>  
on the whole, it was  
a very creditable per-  
formance. With  
hair dark eyes, powdered  
and painted you  
might easily have supposed  
these noble Indians,  
were fair skinned  
Saxons. But you would  
probably have detected  
something of the Orient  
in their speech.

Tuesday evening  
we were invited to  
attend the closing  
exercises at the  
Mary Wampanoag Girls'  
School. I never heard a  
program go off with  
such magazine-like  
accuracy.



of their songs, and recitations and  
action exercises, all the girls,  
little as well as big, well trained  
to the point of perfection. And  
they looked very sweet and modest, in  
their white dresses with the scarf  
thrown over their heads - the usual  
woman's costume.

Saturday evening, all the American  
missionaries of the station will have  
Christmas dinner together at Mrs.  
Erving's. I have been busy today making  
candy for the occasion. I had wished for  
you that I had felt that I had much  
of a success at it. Still it turned out  
pretty well.

Tomorrow evening, Ernest + I take  
dinner with Dr. + Mrs. Lucas.  
Edmund will be here from <sup>from</sup> Bohol.  
He was a classmate of mine at Worcester.

The weeks are passing and still  
no news from any of the family  
except the cold side of it.  
I shall have to keep hammering  
away until I make some  
improvement. One letter in a month or

six weeks is hardly  
sufficient out with  
Spring as ever.

Maryant.

U

May 10<sup>2</sup>  
is quite a simple  
matter when one has  
good servants and we  
are fortunate in that  
respect. I heard a  
great deal, before leaving  
America about "losing  
caste", if I attempted  
to do any work. There is  
little in it, I find. I  
can do almost anything  
I want to about the  
house. But one doesn't  
find it necessary to do  
much when there are  
servants who expect to  
do things for you,  
and who really do them.

very well. In our times I don't  
like about it is that our times  
has to be kept under lock & key and  
that means that a bunch of keys  
must be ever-present. It's a great  
nuisance.

The servants are our telephones here.  
We send them around with notes  
to the bank or that, many times a day.  
They are very reliable when it comes  
to carrying messages or anything of  
value. We let them go to the shops  
and buy our bills. Just this morning  
we went our hand to the post-office  
with a sealed package containing  
\$90. in American gold & checks. And  
we have no fear that the goods will  
be delivered safely.

There are no bills on the front doors  
of our houses. So when a servant  
comes with a message -

he simply cries out,  
"Koi hai?" Is anyone  
at home? And the  
servant or person who  
is ~~is~~ <sup>rather</sup> leaving answers.

The Hindus celebrate  
many festivals. We have  
seen a few of them and  
found them very interesting.  
They are a great hindrance  
to the work in the college.  
In on such occasions,  
the students demand  
holidays, & quite frequently  
they have to be granted.

The Divali is one of their  
great occasions. The  
legend is that since upon a  
time the goddess of  
luck, ~~was~~ <sup>came</sup> to earth.

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P.D. 5

Jumna Mission  
Allahabad, India

Nov. 18, 1909.

Dear Daddy + Mary + Boys -

The home mail must be ready by tomorrow morning in order to catch the Saturday boat, and as usual I have left the home letter till the last night.

We have been busy this week getting settled in our own bungalow. Now a bungalow isn't always a thatched roofed house, but the word is used here to designate also just a flat roofed house of one story. We live in one of the latter kind with large airy rooms + high ceilings (20 ft.) From a veranda,

which runs along the front of the house, we enter by one of three doors into the reception room. A wide arched doorway leads back into the drawing or <sup>sitting-</sup>reception room. To the left of this is the bed room with dressing room + bath room adjoining, and a small porch leading out into the flower garden. The bath room just has a stone floor, the one half of it containing the small metal tub being lower than the rest. The water is poured out on the floor and runs out a hole made thru the wall of the house. Not

water has to be carried  
into the bath room  
from the kitchen;  
but we have cold  
water in the cook-  
house (kitchen) and  
bath room + pantry,  
piped from the spring.  
This is piped all over  
the city and is a great  
blessing. There are public  
fountains in many places  
along the streets which  
are commonly used by  
the natives not only  
for drinking, but for  
bathing their bodies  
and washing their  
utensils. The river  
water is thoroughly boiled  
and filtered and is said  
to be pure; but we take



precaution of boiling  
it again before using.  
It is then put into  
earthen jars to cool.

Well, I see I have  
wandered from the text  
a little. To go back to  
the house - off the  
bedroom is the study.  
(This really another bed-  
room but we are going  
to use it as a library)  
Just back of the drawing-  
room is the dining-  
room, opening out  
upon an immense,  
wide veranda overlooking  
the garden. To the  
left of the veranda, entered  
by a door from the dining-room,  
is the pantry and cook-house.  
The pantry is the place where